



LC  
577  
.M4

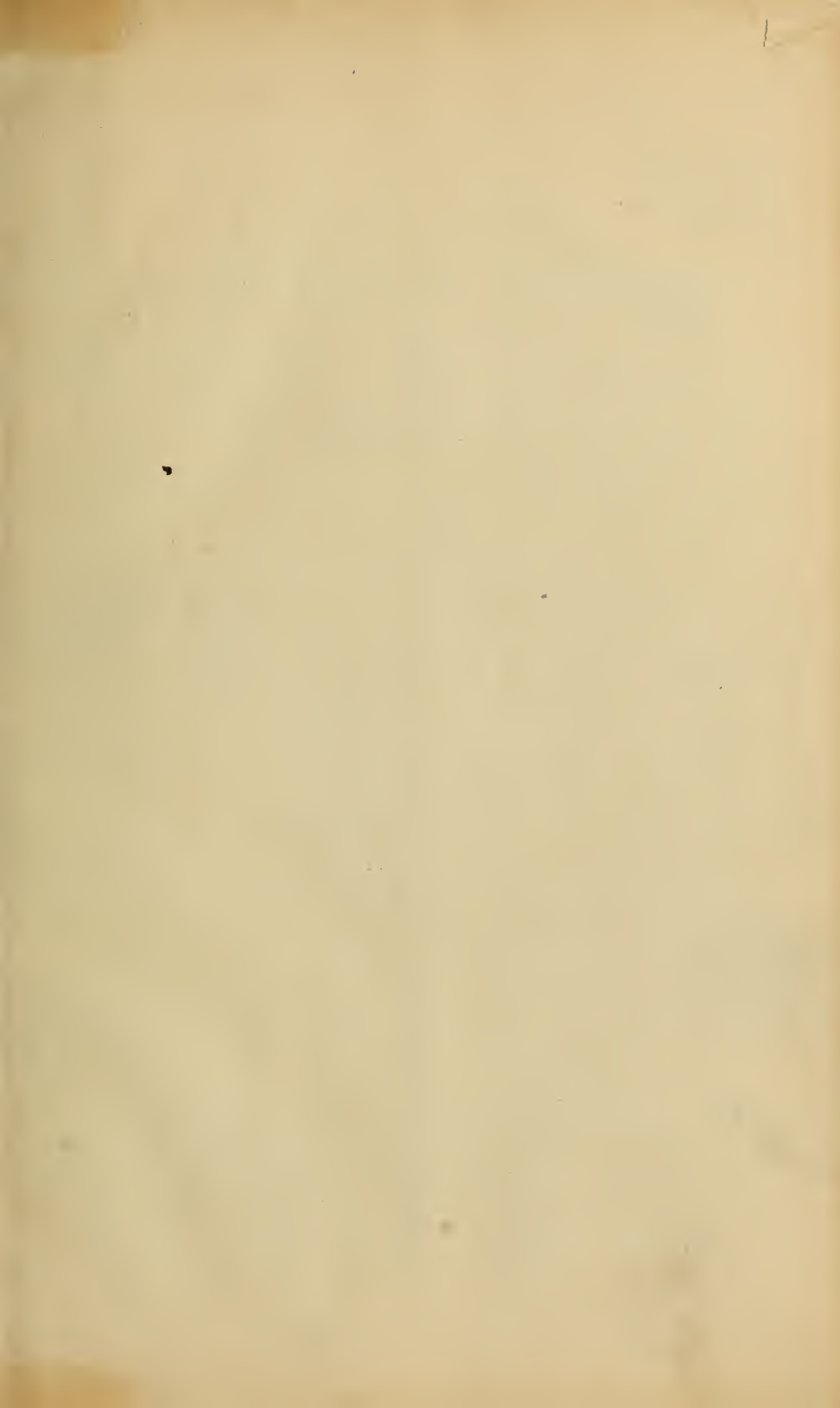


LIBRARY OF CONGRESS.

FORCE COLLECTION.]

*Chap.* LC 577  
*Shelf* .M4

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.









# AN ADDRESS

DESIGNED TO ENFORCE THE IMPORTANCE OF  
SANCTIFIED LEARNING AND HOME INSTITUTIONS  
TO THE SOUTH,

DELIVERED FRIDAY, JUNE 30<sup>TH</sup>, 1848,

BEFORE THE

AMOSOPHIC AND PHI-GAMMA SOCIETIES,

COKESBURY INSTITUTE, S. C.,

BY

26.6  
A. MEANS, A.M., M.D.,

Professor of Phys. Sci. in Emory College, and Prof. of Chem. and Pharm. in the  
Medical College of Georgia.

Library of Congress

1867

City of Washington.

CHARLESTON :

PRINTED BY BURGESS & JAMES,

109 East-Bay.

1848.

h C577  
M4



AMOSOPHIC HALL, 30TH JUNE, 1848.

PROF. MEANS:

*Rev. and Dear Sir,*

WE, the undersigned, claim the honor to be a committee delegated to act as the organ of the Amosophic Society, in returning their heartfelt thanks to you for the very able, eloquent and pious Address delivered before them this afternoon, and requesting a copy of the same for publication, that its virtuous precepts may be more widely diffused, and its salutary influence more extensively felt.

It would be vain for us to attempt an expression of the delight and high sense of gratification experienced in listening to your very profound and truly interesting discourse. We, with our compeers, feel ourselves highly honored and richly compensated by the intellectual feast enjoyed, and hope you a happy Godspeed to the bosom of your family.

We are, dear sir, yours very respectfully,

W. C. BASS,  
E. T. EDGERTON,  
J. P. KINARD.

---

COKESBURY, S. C., JULY 1ST, 1848.

MESSRS W. C. BASS, E. T. EDGERTON, J. P. KINARD.

*Committee of the Amosophic Society:*

*Gentlemen,*

YOUR kind communication of the 30th ult. is now before me, in which you have been pleased to request a copy of the Address which I had the honor to deliver before the two Societies of your flourishing Institution, on yesterday. Yielding to the counsels and opinions of others, and especially to your polite and urgent request, I have concluded to forego my own honest scruples as to the propriety of its publication, and have, therefore, submitted the manuscript to your disposal.

Should it contribute in any degree to aid the great interests which it advocates, I shall be sincerely gratified.

With sincere respect for *yourselves*, and for the Society which you represent,

I am, Gentlemen,  
Yours truly,

A. MEANS.



## ADDRESS.

IN obedience to an unexpected call from your flourishing Institution, a call which neither my views of courtesy nor of kindness would allow me to reject, I have consented to suspend for a time the claims of professional duty, to enjoy the grateful privilege of mingling with the friends of Literature, Science, and Religion, in a sister State ; and of, at least, pledging them a hearty "God-speed" in the great and praiseworthy enterprize, which has this day commanded the presence of the brilliant assembly before me. Long accustomed as I have been to the companionship, and familiar with the interests and sympathies of the young, a scene like the present awakens within me no ordinary emotions. The exhilarating influence of a hundred youthful faces, beaming with intelligence and bright with joy, as they hail the return of this annual jubilee in their scholastic history, cannot but arouse a thousand stirring recollections. Not only sober manhood, but even hoary age, forgetting the waste and ravages of intervening years, again revels in memory's haunts among the thrilling incidents of Academic days. But these pleasing reminiscences of the past are quickly succeeded by ardent hopes and anxious fears in regard to the future. Adventurous thought takes wing, and visions of coming years rise fast upon the view. These gay spirits and elastic forms are seen in distant perspective in the grave maturity of life, among the

busy multitudes that throng the marts of commerce, crowd the ranks of the learned professions, and from council-chambers and executive chairs, control the destinies of this great nation; then overlooking in its towering magnificence the new-born Republics, just rising from the ruins of falling dynasties and dismembered kingdoms in the old world. While the less ambitious and obtrusive, but the more interesting and lovely of the inspiring group before me, are beheld crowned with the responsibility of matronly honors, and in the retirement of the nursery or the closet, moulding the young hearts of a thousand confiding listeners, and leaving the imperishable impress of maternal virtue and piety upon the infant farmers, philosophers and statesmen of a succeeding age.

The contemplations of the future, then, are more natural and appropriate on such an occasion, than the recollections of the past.

What philanthropist can survey the wonderful developments of mental and moral activity which characterize the current history of the nineteenth century, and then remember that the vast momentum already acquired, and which now so effectually moves the complicated machinery of the scientific, political and religious world,—must not only be maintained, but (to keep pace with the progressive economy of the age,) largely accelerated by the accumulating elements of power, soon to emerge from the teeming halls of the schools and colleges of our land,—without feeling, that to the patronage and prosperity of such institutions, the interests of his posterity and the weal of coming generations, should solemnly pledge him.

In the providence of God, we have been thrown upon eventful times. The world is alive with enter-



prize, and mind, stimulated by the rapid and stupendous discoveries of recent years, has voluntarily taxed its utmost capabilities, upon the great subjects of science and of civil legislation; and sweeping onward in its successful and glowing career, continues to evolve new and astonishing contributions to every department of the arts, agriculture and commerce. The very spirit of the age is favorable to the expansion and elevation of human intellect. Liberalized, chastened and sublimed in its far-reaching views, by the lofty themes and pervading energy of our holy Religion; it has at length comprehended nothing less than the physical and moral universe, as the field of its action, and the social happiness and immortal welfare of the earth's intelligent millions, as the noble objects of its concern.

We occupy our appropriate place in the grand cavalcade of nations, and under the mighty impulses of the age, are moving on in solemn procession with their expectant hosts, to test the revelations of the wonderful future. But, while in common with our race, we press onward to an unseen and distant goal, anxious for the disclosure of our destiny, let us timely learn the invaluable truth, that *we make that destiny as we move*. Nor shall the clear outline be traced, nor the truthful canvass complete, until, like our great prototype,—when the last blow is struck, and the last energy expended, we may look back from eternity's threshold, and in dying accents exclaim, "It is finished!"

What part then, are we to act in this vast system of things, where the social relationships and dependencies of life, involve not only our own, but the fortunes of our fellows,—where no man is without an influence decidedly effective upon the destiny of others, and

where countless inducements perpetually invite to the exercise of intelligence, industry and zeal? I speak to a people who bow deferentially to the Divinity of the Scriptures, whose venerated ancestors recognized the sublime system of morals which they inculcate, and wrought them into the very frame-work of the government, which, for the last two-thirds of a century, has given stability and grandeur to the great American Republic. Let the voice of Revelation then decide this vital question. Hear it: "What thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might, for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom in the grave whither thou goest." Guided by this high authority, therefore, it behooves us to examine our position and prepare for effective action. All human enterprizes of magnitude and importance, depend for their accomplishment and success upon intellectual power; hence, in prosecuting the great scientific discoveries of the age, mind has been launched under a press of canvass, and strained from mast to keel, in cleaving the resisting floods before it. Let not the *christian* world then, overlook its resources, or slumber over still loftier interests. The time has come, when sanctified intellect should enter upon the career of scientific investigation. Even now a prurient philosophy too often rushes unbaptized upon the work of research in earth and heaven, learnedly upholding Nature's laws, but irreverently perverting her simple truths, and bribing facts to the support of atheistical dogmas. She, nevertheless, treads consecrated ground—rambles amid the paths of Divinity, and is, ever and anon, startled by the visible foot-steps of a God. Shall the christian then refuse to enter these holy walks, and guard them from the sacriligious im-

print of profane feet? Surely, No. The learning of the Church should at least continue *pari passu*, with the learning of the world. Nor do we mean merely *theological lore*, but *general learning* in the broad and comprehensive sense of the term. As well to guard against the intrusions of speculative theorists, and huckstering creed-mongers, as to foil the attacks of Infidelity from her boasted intrenchments, and to enforce and illustrate the sublime truths of Revelation. This we hold to be the more necessary, because Christianity is not to be regarded as the upstart progeny of an hour, sprung upon the world under the pressure of emergencies, and having but a partial connexion with its history, or a limited adaptation to its wants; but as a *part* and *parcel* of the present grand economy of the universe—inseparably blended with the character and destiny of the physical and moral world; and hence, the diversified improvements of the age, as but subordinate agencies, auxiliary to the accomplishment of *one vast systematic whole*. The store-houses of Christianity, then, must garner, and her disciples appropriate the facts of science as well as of theology. Her God is the God of the natural as well as the moral world; and she is legitimately entitled to all the harvests which cultivated mind may reap from these luxuriant fields. It is unworthy of the immortal cause they advocate, that the defenders of the christian faith should stand by with folded arms and vacant stare, and stupidly witness, and then with culpable obstinacy effect to disbelieve the astounding developments of this prolific age, when science is making the tour of the universe, and constantly reporting the authenticated wonders of her exploration from planets, and suns, and systems,—lest, forsooth, they should chance to



disturb the Rip Van Winkle slumbers of some grey-bearded superstition, or challenge the correctness of some antiquated theological notion. This dogged and persistent scepticism will not repress the onward spirit of investigation. It is already kindled into a resistless flame, whose brightness illumines the nations, and he who foolishly dares to obstruct its path, may expect to be consumed by its breath. But our Heaven-born Religion needs no such sacrifice—asks no such interference. To admit it, would be an inglorious, humiliating, and unwarranted concession made to her enemies. Whatever her timorous and superstitious friends may have formerly feared, Revelation dreads no disclosures from the physical world, but rather courts the severest scrutiny of a candid philosophy. Nay, in these latter days, Science has learned to offer her smoking incense, and pour her free libations upon her sacred altars, and bids earth, and air, and sky, do homage at her shrine.

Christianity has business of moment to transact with the whole world, and is, therefore, authorized in the divine accomplishment of her purpose, to levy upon every available instrumentality which that world furnishes. But when, in the mysterious economy of infinite wisdom, she first made her advent among the nations, in order that she might command respect, secure confidence, and inspire becoming reverence, it was indispensable that her approach should be signalized by palpable demonstrations of Divinity, neither to be attributed to the influence of wealth, the authority of power, nor the resources of erudition. The philosophy, scepticism, and hypocritical sophistries of the age, must be struck dumb by an unearthly outburst of pomp, majesty, and wisdom, from the humble home of poverty, and the neglected abodes of ignorance.



The eternal, uncreated originality of its claims, must stand confessed amid the overwhelming exhibitions of mental profoundness, moral grandeur, and miraculous control over the elements of nature, unsparingly presented to a confounded world, and transcendently surpassing the known results of all finite causes.

A poor, pretentionless, and untitled man suddenly rising from the obscurity of a plebeian family and an humble trade, must boldly proclaim the Messiah's opening reign—stand upon the high places of Zion, and display the august emblazonry of the coming kingdom of God, and surrounded by the thongs, and flames, and crucifixes of godless thousands, thirsting for his blood,—must grapple with hoary Superstition in his strong holds,—shake the stately fabric of Hea-then philosophy to its trembling foundations, and up-  
turn the stale, antiquated dogmas of Rabbinism; rearing upon their ruins the most magnificent system of morals the world ever saw. He must connect himself, too, by wonderful acts, with the long chain of Bible prophecies. Miracle after miracle must indicate the presence and identify the power of that Divinity which in former time dwelt in awful grandeur amid the glowing tents of Israel; opened a triumphal highway through the cleft and yielding seas, and arrested the sun in mid-heaven over the beleagured heights of Gibeon. Hence, under his outstretched arm and opening lips, the wild hurricane must die upon the air, and the storm-lashed wave sleep on the sea: the unaccustomed tomb disgorge its dead, and the new pulse of life beat strongly under the winding sheet. And finally, when human malice and fiendish hate have spent their last hot bolts, and the cross holds its glorious victim, *even then*, earth must agonize and heave under the suf-

ferings of her God ; and weeping Nature throw the drapery of mourning over the sunless skies. The guarded sepulchre must rock with an earthquake's throes, and angels and men shout the resurrection triumph of the *Lord of Glory*, while gazing multitudes trace the flight of the cloud-borne conquerer to his native Heavens.

And last of all, the inspired Twelve, who had stood nearest to his person, and caught the light of his glory, must prove by supernal wonders the delegation of his power—seal their testimony with their blood, and *close the age of miracles*. And now, when the indestructible impress of Divinity has been openly stamped upon the grand economy of the Gospel ; when the earth is announced as the field of its conflicts, and the arena of its future victories ; when the souls of men are alike the subjects of its concern and the rewards of its labor : the varied and ample resources of science, and the loftiest efforts of human genius, are none too much to be taxed in furthering the progress of the stupendous scheme, and are, indeed, the legitimate auxiliaries designed to be employed by the hand of heaven in effecting the sublime ends of its mercy.

But the human mind must be trained by gradual and systematic advances to the attainment of its utmost capabilities, both for extensive action and refined enjoyment. And yet its very elevation and enlargement, if it be left unsanctified by the spirit of piety, and unmoulded by the morals of the Bible, will but augment its power to curse. The heaviest blows which have ever been directed against the ramparts of Christianity, have been struck from the heights of learning. Men of gifted and cultivated intellect, who felt their vain-glorious ambition rebuked, and their

licentious passions restrained by the dicta of her pure and guileless laws, have grossly perverted their acknowledged powers, marshalled to their aid the supports of literature, and entered upon a relentless crusade against her godly institution. Such minds, proudly conscious of their individual superiority over the less instructed, but purer masses, push boldly and unscrupulously on to the accomplishment of their graceless purposes, until, by the dexterously wielded subtleties of a sceptical logic, and the garbled and distorted representations of physical laws, the illiterate and simple-hearted multitude, imbecile and defenceless against the learned attack, are startled, confounded, and overcome, and passively yield up the treasured faith of their forefathers, without a struggle.

No wonder that when the genius of a people has been polluted by the lawless spirit of Infidelity, and their noblest minds have been infected with the taint, that public virtue should be cut loose from its moorings, their political institutions want security and strength; and anarchy and libertinism, like the smouldering fires of a sleeping volcano, ever and anon, convulse the government to its centre, and perpetually threaten the desolating lava-tide of fierce revolution, followed by all the evils of national dismemberment. It was when the powerful and disciplined pens of the French Encyclopædists, sustained by their intellectual co-laborators in the world of letters, boldly challenged the authenticity of the Scriptures, and openly defamed the sanctity of their laws, that mankind were called to witness the fearful spectacle of a sensualized nation, without morals and without a God; prostituted, bleeding, and blasted under the unbridled reign of their own lusts, and scourged by the retributive justice of



insulted Heaven. How solemn a realization of the mythological fable! a reckless Phæton had mounted the chariot of the sun, and the smoking wheels and flying steeds were spreading confusion through the skies, when Jupiter's thunder hurled the madman from his seat, and saved heaven and earth from a profounder catastrophe. But these politico-religious agitators are gone. This age of horror is passed, and France is recovering from her deadly shock. A bloodless revolution is already achieved under the guidance of the mild spirit of La Martine and his compatriots, and the perpetuity and power of the new Republic, may be fairly graduated by the cast of its future morals. In view of our premises, therefore, we avow, that in this and every future age, Christianity expects within her ranks, defenders who shall meet these skilled and panoplied sceptics with their own weapons, and upon their own fields, and to prove the universality of her reign over the empire of knowledge, tenders the exhausted resources both of the natural and moral world to vindicate the power of truth, and the glories of immortality. Pointing to the riddled shield of the great infidel tactician of England, she bids the future Paleys, and Campbells, and Keiths, and Chalmers of the Church, prepare from the same arsenal for the defeat of similar antagonists.

We rejoice then, to behold the extensive educational plans, which at present distinguish most of the nations of Christendom, and to record the long catalogue of immortal worthies, who, with an unflinching faith and ardent zeal, have issued from the quiet retreats of learning,—cultured, mature, and powerful to defend truth and expose error. Men, before whose enlightened moral power, burning eloquence, and overwhelming

argument, the practised veterans of a sceptical philosophy, and the vulgar weaklings of a revolting Atheism, have alike covered and fallen like Dagon before the ark. Education in its noblest, most exalted sense, is designed to be a consecrated instrumentality of heaven, to enlarge the sphere of its spiritual reign and multiply the number of its conquests; and when under the dominion of a sound faith and expansive charity, its brilliant contributions coming in from the fathomless depths of earth to the far off heights of yon blazing skies, wake up the human mind to angelic aspirations—widen the sweep of its vast horizon, and as century after century rolls away, must continue to reveal to a convinced and repentant race, the eternal identity of the *God of Creation* with the *Christ of Revelation*; for the grand panorama shall not be complete till the truths of the natural and moral world in a thousand new and ravishing combinations shall blend their exalted beauties to attest the divinity of the world's Messiah. Then shall be realized the prophetic exclamation of the enraptured king of Israel, (Ps. cxlv. 10, 11, 12,) "All thy works shall praise thee, O Lord, and thy saints shall bless thee. They shall speak of the glory of thy kingdom and talk of thy power. To make known to the sons of men his mighty acts and the glorious majesty of his kingdom."

Here let us not be misunderstood. We hold no affiliation with those misguided visionaries, who expect to expurgate the world's vices by the frigid and inoperative precepts of a worldly philosophy, or to witness the spread of scriptural holiness and the anticipated reign of Gospel truth under the blind guidance of unsanctified learning. No, never! Christianity is an energizing superaddition to the elements of the moral

world, and depends for its present success and future glory upon nothing less than God. Its magnificent arch, like the glorious hemispheres of Saturn's rings which adorn his nightly skies, spans in splendor the moral heavens, unchanged in brilliancy from age to age; and all the subsequent contributions of science have but served, like Dolland's improved glasses when directed to that girdled anomaly of the skies, to discern and develop beauties and consistencies in the stupendous organization, hitherto concealed from the vulgar eye, and still imparting new charms and winning new admirers, as successive generations roll away. This high characteristic is beautifully symbolized in the physical universe. The electric fluid whose wonderful and potential presence, probably pervades the entire solar system, has acquired no new properties or capabilities by the lapse of centuries, but shone as brilliantly in the Northern Aurora, and flashed as fiercely upon the bosom of the storm-cloud, in the day when the patriarch floated on the floods, as since the great American philosopher brought it from the clouds, or Morse made it news-bearer to an astonished world. Then all the means furnished by human knowledge for the maintainance and propagation of our holy Religion, are not to be regarded as *generators* of moral power, but merely as *new lines of action* for the circulation of its *original* forces.

Who, then, in past ages have been the most efficient champions of the Church? Who have stood first and firmest to breast the bolts of intolerant superstition, malignant infidelity, and grovelling sensualism, and maintain her temples pure from the intrusion of profane feet, and her doctrines inviolate from the assaults of ruthless hands? Yonder stand the sainted host



ready for the inspection of posterity. Let truthful history proclaim their names and record their worth.

The age of the Reformation is strikingly marked by the controlling influence exerted by men of letters, (who were mostly arrayed on the side of that great movement,) over the destinies of all Europe, and of unborn millions in both hemispheres. The faithful and learned Wickliffe, who about the middle of the fourteenth century struck the first effective blow, and by his writings and eloquence, shook the gates of papal Rome, issued from the halls of Queen's College in England. His great Bohemian convert who seized his falling mantle, and at the forfeiture of life, exposed the dangerous assumptions of Roman power, was a preacher of sanctified erudition, and John Huss himself took his degree in the University of Prague. The friend and pupil of Huss, the martyred Jerome, whose learning and zeal provoked the fatal decree of the Council of Constance, and whose songs of triumph ascended to heaven upon the flames that consumed him, was intellectually trained at Heidleberg, Cologne and Oxford. But opening twilight grows brighter still as we approach the sun-rise of the Reformation. Another glowing mind is seen upon the distant horizon. Reuchlin appears. This paragon of learning and terror of the Roman See who "took off the seals from the ancient Scriptures, and made himself a name more enduring than brass," was a distinguished alumnus of the then most celebrated schools in the West—the University of Paris. The amiable Melancthon,—Reuchlin's immortal pupil and the illustrious friend of the great German Reform, wore the scholastic honors of Tübingen at the very opening of his useful career. High in the republic of letters and the cause of Reli-

gion, is next seen the able Erasmus, the associate and coadjutor of Luther; and then rose the *central sun* of the Reformation. But the once cloistered monk of St. Augustine, was also a man of rich and diversified attainments, and at one time a lecturer on philosophy in the ancient University of Wittemberg. Nor should we omit to name the great Geneva Reformer, who succeeded Luther, and who, without an attempt to vindicate the entire orthodoxy of his views, was, beyond question, a giant in the field of controversy, and acquired his great logical acumen in the colleges of de la Marche and Montaign.

But we delay too long. Let memory leap the chasm of two hundred years and light upon the great revival age, when a few gifted and holy men, issuing from several of the sister colleges of Oxford, revived the dormant and almost extinguished fires of piety in the Christian Church, and fanned them to a brilliant flame. Foremost in this group of immortal men,—a polished scholar, profound theologian, and powerful pulpit advocate,—stood the venerated form of the *founder of Methodism*, providentially destined to a fame as deathless as the godly doctrines which for four score years called out the tireless energies of his great soul, and which, in the nineteenth century, still burn with undimmed lustre upon the altars of our wide spread connection, and promise to burn on forever.

Injustice has been done by partial historians,—foul injustice, both to the origin and character of our beloved Methodism. The misguided and the prejudiced have long been taught to regard it as the offensive spawn of an ignorant and superstitious religionism; or as at best, but the sickly and spoilt bantling of an overweening clerical ambition. Whereas if any great



ecclesiastical movement within the last three centuries, has ever been peculiarly characterized in its incipency and early progress by the lights of learning and the unction of grace, it has been the unexampled reformatory impulse given the Church by Wesley and his compeers. Methodism, it is true, was doomed to the birth of the illustrious son of Amram. It drew its first breath under the jealous proscriptions of power; was driven from the places of pomp and patronage where the pampered Pharaohs dwelt, to float in its fragile ark of bulrushes upon the threatening waters, until the God of the infant on the Nile, restored it to the maternal bosom to be reared to vigor and manhood by the wisdom and the learning of the ablest of the age. The Wesleys, Fletchers and Cokes—Watsons, Clarks and Bensons, who have graced its early years with the contributions of their literature and the impress of their piety, should forever relieve it, in the judgment of an honest world, from the charge of a vagrant and illiterate origin, and are enough to confer dignity and respect upon any progeny or protogé recommended to its confidence.

But a century has rolled away. Methodism has raised her altars upon almost every soil, and the activity and zeal which are the native elements of her character, have made her the pioneer of the wilderness wherever she has gone. Her literature, it is confessed, was for years less cultivated than her self-denial and moral heroism in the great work of human salvation. But a new era has dawned. Steady prosperity has marked her career, and her millionaire host now worship under every sun. Her devotion and her toils have won the respect of mankind, and she is awarded at least a respectable position among the sister churches

of the land. And now, to meet the educational wants of the rising thousands of her sons and daughters, colleges and primary schools, established under her auspices, are throwing wide their portals, and opening their stores of knowledge, to scores of inquiring inmates. To these elevated sources then, we are to look for the revival of a refined and sanctified literature, and the maintenance of a pure theology.

Shall not the high themes and venerable doctrines of an honored church find an able and resistless advocacy from the learned peers of the favored alumni of her own universities? May not some of the young and enterprising minds that flash upon me to-day from a hundred eyes, employ their disciplined powers in promoting her moral victories, and, in an after age, enrol their immortality upon the long list of her sainted ministers or standard writers? Who that has confidence in the earnestness of her zeal, and the prevalence of her prayers, will gainsay the prediction?

But our wide-spread membership, apart from their ecclesiastical relationships, constitute an integrant portion of the political power that must wield the destinies of this great Republic, and must consequently contribute their appropriate share in the enactment and administration of its laws. Now, as the intelligence and virtue of a free people are the only sufficient guarantee of their liberties, we are solemnly bound by the obligations of patriotism, as well as of Christianity, to furnish our quota of enlightened minds and sound morals for the high places of legislation and dominion, to whose august responsibilities many of the young, now under our training, will soon be elevated.

But why should not every department of learning be supplied with honorable representatives from our lite-

rary halls? The luminous, liberal, world-wide, and soul-elevating views of Methodism, are favorable to the utmost expansion and boldest feats of human intellect. Liberally endow, then, the existing Institutions of the Church. Create them where they are not, and rally to their support. Multiply the number of educated youth who shall annually leave their halls, enlightened by the wisdom of her sages, and moulded by the power of her morals, and throw them upon the field, to struggle with the ablest and the best, in all the pursuits of mind that dignify and immortalize the greatest of our race.

Then, and not till then, may the Wesleyan harp, after its long sleep of an hundred years, be re-strung beyond the Atlantic wave, and roll its heavenly harmonies, under the touch of an American bard, through the aisles and arches of our wide spread Zion. Then may some of our emulous sons ascend the starry steeps where Newton stood, and with Herschel's eye and Le Verrier's numbers, detect the revolution of unknown worlds—resolve the glittering nebulæ in the azure deeps of ether, and at last return laden with the trophies of the skies to pour them in humble homage at the Redeemer's feet. But why should I continue to particularize? The universe will be before them, and in honorable rivalry with the great and the good of other communions and of other lands, there existence must be *felt* in the aggregate increase of human happiness. Let us not, however, be hastily charged with an illiberal and narrow-minded policy when we frankly announce, that the foregoing remarks have been mainly intended for the land of our birth and the sons of the South, and that too, in full view of a self complacency, cherished in *higher latitudes*, which lays ex-



clusive claim to that "mental activity" and vigor of intellect, which is capable of attaining the highest destinies of church or state. These arrogant and unscrupulous pretensions on the part of the *master spirits in certain quarters*, if harmlessly indulged, might provoke a smile, rather than a shaft from the unpretending subjects of their contempt. But alas! it stops not there. Assumptions of power, either mental or physical, are apt to be followed by a corresponding attempt at demonstration. A bold and startling exhibition of this trait of human nature, is fresh upon the memory of my audience, and marks a crisis in the history of American Methodism; a crisis whose shadows fall gloomily *beyond* the pales of *our* own communion, and stretch portentously over the length and breadth of the land. But enough; we lay no claim to the prophetic afflatus, and shall not attempt to preannunciate the events of the perilous future. Our duty however, is clear. The honor and the interests of the South demand a prompt and generous development of the intellectual and moral resources of her people, that her claims to position and independence may be vindicated before the world. And why should public confidence falter and doubt the triumph of our educational enterprizes? Are native talents, liberal endowments and proverbial zeal deemed insufficient to guarantee character and competency to our public instructors? Is mind indigenous alone to the North and East? Does Genius consent to make her only home amid rocky hills and frozen lakes? Is her broad pinion never spread heavenward upon the genial air that nurses the palmetto, the magnolia and the pine? Finally, are the tomes of learning and the discoveries of science officially incarcerated in trans-Potomac libra-

ries and laboratories, and interdicted to the world besides? No sirs, no! the sense and soul of my audience indignantly repel the degrading insinuation. Then why should the current of Southern Capital continue to flow unrestrained into the already bloated coffers of Northern Institutions, without one exchangeable equivalent in return, while our own schools and colleges are humiliatingly drained of their appropriate support? Although, then, we cheerfully award the meed of distinction to whom it is due, without reference to soil or latitude, we must be pardoned for demurring to the claim of *exclusive* superiority, either on the part of the North or East, and for advocating the importance of *home Institutions*, where a sameness of feeling and of interest shall exist between the student and his preceptor; where no latitudinarian heresies, as violative of liberty and the constitution, or subversive of the rights and security of the South, shall be insidiously instilled into the generous and unsuspecting minds of our warm-hearted youth, and where, too, no heartless jibes and significant allusions in regard to "Southern institutions" and "Southern sensitiveness," shall continue to grate upon their ears through the whole term of their literary pupilage.

Then let us, from the Potomac to the Gulf, as with the heart of *one man*, make the high resolve *to build up the greatness and the glory of the lovely land that cradled us*. Let the purses and the prayers of our ostracized, but unrecriminating people, lift a pyramid of learning upon the plains of the South, which shall brave the desolations of rolling centuries. Based upon the eternal truths of Revelation, and encircled by the white tents of Jacob,—with "*God and our Country*" deeply enchiselled upon its sun-lit brow,—let it stand as the

measure and the monument of Southern mind and Southern morals, to catch the gaze of a grateful and admiring world, when we are sleeping with our fathers.

YOUNG GENTLEMEN OF THE  
AMOSOPHIC AND PHI-GAMMA SOCIETIES:

Your confidence and partiality have placed me in the position which I this day occupy; and in obedience to the promptings both of inclination and of duty, allow me to express the kind sense which I entertain of the honor designed me. And now, before I close, indulge me in a few words of parting counsel and encouragement, which already sit upon my lips, and may never again find utterance before your assembled membership.

How rapidly onward sweeps the engine of life with its long train of passengers to the distant goal. No pause—no momentary pause,—no depot upon the changeless rout. Softly, silently and certainly as the sun of heaven sinks to his evening rest, we glide on to the waiting tomb, and leave the world's crowded stage to other actors.

But "why these grave reflections? Pardon me, young gentlemen, they are unavoidable. The scene—the occasion, inspires them. Although not a patriarch in years, I look to-day upon my *scholastic grand-children!* Be not displeased at the paternity which I trace. Ten years ago, your honored and able instructor, owned my paternal care, and long sat an attentive and obedient son to receive instructions at these humble lips. A few years more, and we stood together in the joint discharge of professional duties; and now, in an independent relation, I behold him exercising a *father's* authority over this large and promising literary progeny. Well, be it so. "He must increase," and "I must decrease"—in the order of successive generations.



A few more years then, young gentlemen, will throw you upon the great arena of public life to fill the places of your fathers ; you are aware that this is a utilitarian age, and the world must have efficient men. No literary loungee who trims his mustache more than his midnight lamp, need expect to be thrown by caprice or accident into the embraces of the public ; and should he, perchance find himself there, meritless and mean, like his bearded exemplar of the flock who has felt a momentary elevation in mid-air by the mischievous toss of an ox's horn, will soon prove his *descent* as rapid as his *rise*. No, he that would enter upon the Olympic games and win the plaudits of ten thousand tongues as he triumphantly outstrips his competitors and gains the distant goal, must first pass the training of the gymnasium and swell his muscles for the race. Supineness and indecision will inevitably prevent success, and leave you to be surpassed by others of inferior claims and less mental calibre. The genteel loiterer may in vain lean upon the worth of his ancestors and prate over his parchments ; the enterprising and adventurous will over-stride his pretensions and leave him to his dreams. For when the machinery of the young aspirant's mind has felt the powerful momentum which industry and zeal generate, like the firm tread of the bounding locomotive upon its iron pathway, his very movement inspires respect, and secures an open track to the destined goal. "Let him pass," is the spontaneous cry from the retiring crowd ; and the rapid whirl of his burning wheel is soon lost in the distance ahead. But it may be that some generous and aspiring mind, laboring under the pressure of adverse fortunes, has almost given over the attempt to be educated. Would to God I could encourage such

a spirit in the struggle to rise above its embarrassments. Young man, success, triumphant success is within your reach. The ordeal may be trying, but bear it. Poverty is but the anvil upon which many a Damascus blade has found its keenest edge. Increased pressure upon the electric rubber gives the most brilliant corruscations from the revolving cylinder; and the seaworthiness and value of the noblest craft is only proven when the strain of the storm has tried its timbers from prow to stern. But history, ancient and modern, is rich with examples to stimulate your waning purpose. The great Mantuan bard set out for immortality from a *baker's shop*—Demosthenes from a black-smith's and Masillon from a turner's. The immortal English Dramatist was the son of a butcher,—Ben Johnson, of a mason, and Burns, of a Scottish peasant. But approach the present age and try the living world. The distinguished Faraday was once, in person, an humble hostler, and the great French surgeon who now acknowledges no living superior in professional skill, twenty-five years ago, employed the same hand which now directs the scalpel, in wielding the sledge-hammer over his father's anvil. Such is *Velpeau*. But I forbear. A glance at our own beloved country, and I am done. Passing by the Franklins, and Fultons, and Fergusons who have risen above their early fortunes and won a worthy fame, I pause a moment to reflect. What strange transformations are made in human character by the overpowering combination of Genius and Toil? Before my young audience were born, an obscure orphan mill-boy weekly plodded with his grist through the western swamps, but his soul the mean-while on fire for knowledge. Sixty years have passed away,—that mill-boy is expanded into the powerful statesman,



and a continent does homage to the talents of HENRY CLAY. But where am I? the very soil on which I tread seems rife with living associations, and would eloquently plead the sentiment which I urge. In a neighboring farm some *forty years ago*, a whistling ploughboy merrily drove his daily team, but "thought on nobler things." And now that ploughboy's voice thunders in the Capitol and electrifies a listening Senate; a *nation* does honor to the great *Southern Statesman*, and surely Carolina to *her own* CALHOUN.

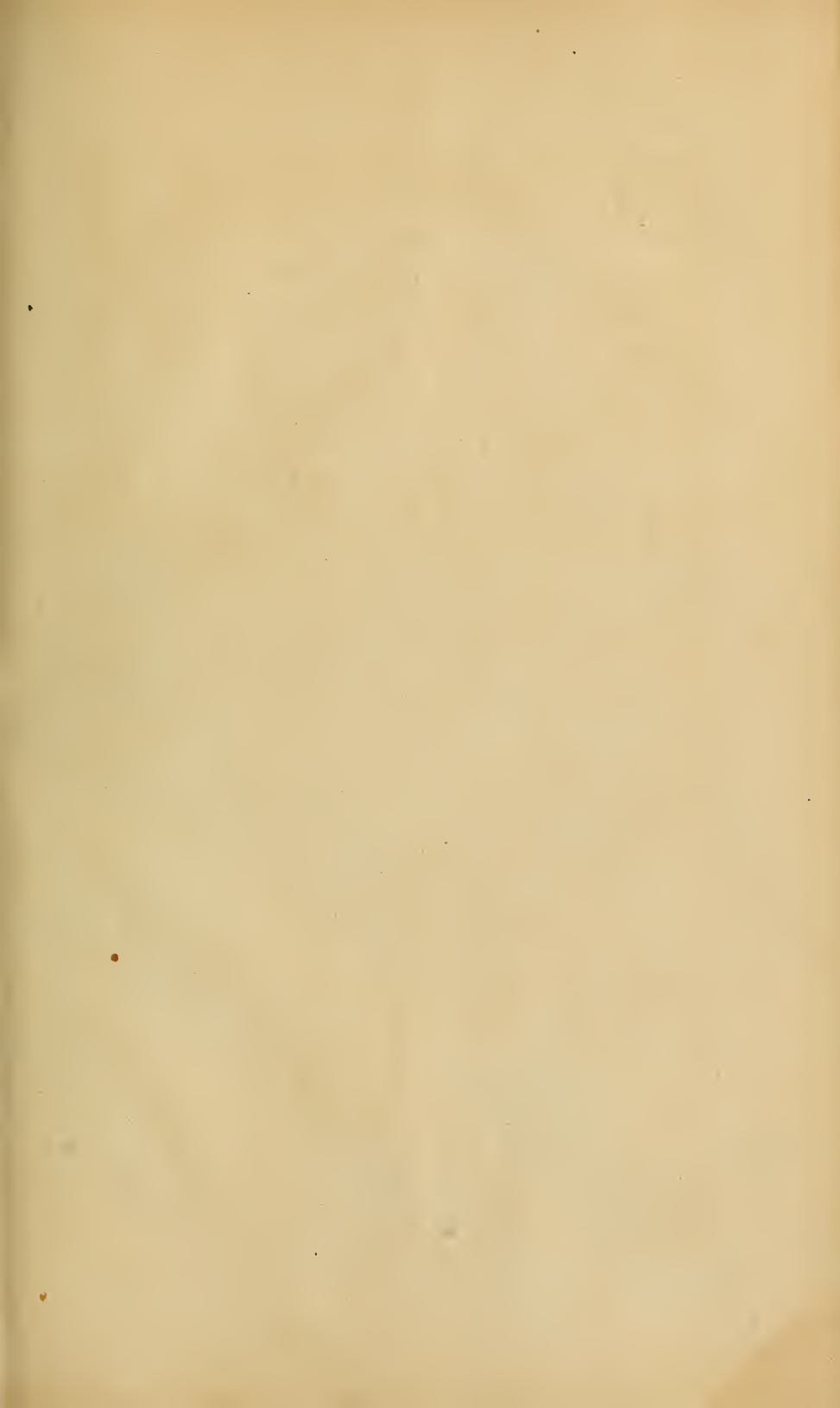
In conclusion, gentlemen, while I invoke an outlay of your youthful energies, in view of the demands of a coming age, I beg you to remember that, to enlarge your field of usefulness, the *Religion of the Bible* should sanctify the *learning of the school*. No substitute is available in the great emergencies of life. Without it you may *illumine*, but cannot *heat*—may *shine*, but cannot *burn*,—nor ever infuse the warmth of moral life and religious hope into the world around you. That system of human philosophy which recognizes no ubiquitous and spiritual God, like Queen Catharine's palace of ice, may be splendid and lofty, but must forever be *cold*, and *cheerless*, and *fragile*;—while Christianity erects a pile like Solomon's Temple,—*grand*, *gorgeous* and *solid*,—radiant with the Shekinah, and blazing with the presence of the Divine Glory.

HONORED PATRONS OF THIS INSTITUTION:—  
FATHERS AND MOTHERS—

We go to the home of our ancestors. The starry sentinels on high faithfully mark our slow, but steady tread to the noiseless sepulchre. We shall soon be there. And *here—here*, are the living, blooming representatives we tender to the world we leave. *These*, these, then, are the instructors, the statesmen, and the philosophers of the ensuing age. O! let us prepare

them for their high responsibilities and Herculean toils. The destiny of the nation, and the glory of the Church, like the broad heavens upon the shoulders of Atlas, must rest upon their future strength. But the providential appliances, thank Heaven, stand as thickly around us as the fallen manna about the tents of Israel. And he who would withhold from his immortal progeny the pabulum of intellectual and moral life, which Heaven has rained around him, may expect his hoarded store to be smitten with the worm and the stench of God's displeasure. But I catch from a host of eyes, a look of honest indignation against that drivelling parsimony which would choke up the streams of knowledge at the gushing fountains, and deny posterity the blessed beverage, rather than expend a purse-worn dollar to open their crystal sluices, and gladden the land with the widening waters.

No, no!—I had almost forgotten that I breathe Carolina air; that I stand to-day upon the deck of the *flagship* of Southern missionary enterprize, who is ever ready to turn her brazen prow to the deep, when great deeds are to be done. But I need add no more. Her broad breast is already upon the wave, and the interests of education are surely safe on board that noble craft, at whose mast-head floats the white flag of Missions, with "*The Celestial Empire*" glittering on its folds. But your sister State, too, from which I hail, has launched her benevolent enterprizes upon the same sea. Head winds and breakers have, for a time, bound them upon the coast, but they are now entering upon an open ocean and a smiling sky, and claim an honorable, but affectionate rivalry, in the long career of glory. May God speed the joint expedition, and bless unborn generations with the cargo.









































LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 019 598 244 2